STORM AND SUNSHINE.

The waves dashed up against the shore,
The wind beat out again;
The sea fled wildly on before,
And sobbed and moaned with pain.

The heavy clouds hung low and dark,
The rain swept on below,
And blotted out a storm-tossed bark—
Sad type of human woe.

But that was yesterday, my dear,
To-day the sun shines bright,
And all that seemed so wild and drear
Has vanished in the night.

The little waves run up the shore,
The sea forgets its pain;
The whole wide world grows glad once more,
And courage lives again.

Take cheer, sad heart, 'tis dark to-day,
But let us not repine;
These gloomy clouds will fly away,
To-morrow's sun will shine.
—Maria B. H. Hazen, in Good Housekeeping.

THE OLD SILVER TRAIL.

BY MARY E. STICKNEY.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

Dorothy stared at him almost aghast. What manner of man could he be, to thus to her, almost a stranger? While with more feeling in his voice he added: "It almost brings a swelling in my throat when I think of all she does for me—of all her love—the dear little mother!"

"Your mother!" Dorothy repeated, surprisedly. "I did not know—I thought, perhaps—" she stopped short, her face crimsoning painfully.

Neil laughed, exquisitely flattered that she had evidently given thought to possibilites of tender significance in the token; but his face grew grave, almost sad, as he said: "In all my life, Miss Meredith, there has never been any woman who would do as much as that for me except my mother. I am almost afraid there never will be."

"And your mother—she is in the east, I suppose," the girl hurriedly observed.

Neil smiled, by no means dull to the little ruse to change the subject, but he perceived the wisdom of following her tactful lead. And so he talked of his mother, his boyhood days and the old home; passing thence to general topics, which, although he scarce knew it, really showed him at his best; for not only could he talk well on most subjects when he tried, but he had that better gift of the conversationalist, a sympathetic intuition to draw out the other's thoughts, so that Dorothy, wholly at ease, was presently chatting as to an old friend.

Only once did he venture upon any betrayal of his deeper feeling, and that was when their mission to the old hut had been accomplished and they had almost reached the main road on their way back, when Dorothy drew rein, hesitantly suggesting that they would better part.

"I have been expecting you to say that," he good humoredly rejoined; "and of course it is all right. But before you leave me, stop while I pick you some of these mariposa lilies; they are the bluest I have ever seen."

"They are beautiful; thanks," she said delightedly, as she took them from his hand, almost apologetically adding: "I am so fond of our Colorado flowers, of everything that blossoms, in fact. I would almost like to see a thanksgiving for the flowers inserted in the church service."

"Would you?" he answered, dreamily, lingering close beside her upon pretense of admiring the lilies. "I dare say we do take too much for granted in respect to the pleasant things of earth. But don't you think there is a certain thanksgiving in every thought of appreciation? I like to think we do not need to put everything into words. Friends who love each other need not always be talking to be understood; and it would seem that the all-embracing spirit of nature that we call our God might be in such close communion with the faltering, tongue-tied soul as to understand and even better than the human friend all that we leave unsaid."

"Yes, perhaps," Dorothy murmured, with somewhat of surprise in her glance.

"You do not agree with me quite."

"It is a beautiful thought," she said, doubtfully; "but is it orthodox?"

"Do you find heterodoxy unpardonable?"

"I did not mean to imply that. And such heterodoxy as yours—" She looked at him thoughtfully, leaving the sentence unfinished. "But is it satisfying, do you think, to let things go forever unsaid?"

"Some things—perhaps not. In fact, it is extremely unsatisfying at times." He looked at her with something in his eyes before which her glance fell, while instinctively she gathered up the rein as though she would go. "For instance, it seems a shame that I should be with you here and not tell you how often I have thought of you since that world's fair night; how many times I have wished that I might see you again."

"You did not think then that I was Col. Meredith's daughter," she impulsively exclaimed.

"And do you think that I think of it now—that it counts as anything as between you and me?" he impetuously retorted. "To me you are simply yourself—the little world's fair lady of whom I have been dreaming for a year. You are—"

"Don't, please, Mr. Neil," she hurriedly interrupted. "You may forget that I am my father's daughter, but I cannot. And now, I really must leave you. Thanks for my flowers and good-by."

"But wait!" he peremptorily interposed, coolly seizing her horse by the bit. "I suppose I must not ask when there is any likelihood of our meeting—by chance—again."

"If you did, I should tell you that I have no idea," she quickly returned. "It may be for years and it may be for ever. Can I go now, please?"

"Tell me first that you are not offended because I came to-day."

"No; I am not offended," she answered, slowly, smiling rather against her will, as it seemed; "but—I think I ought to be, perhaps."

"Oh, but if you're not!" he rejoined, quickly, hesitating as though uncertain how much of his thought he might express. "It is so much that we can be friends."

"But the very best of friends must always part at last," she returned, rather shyly smiling down at him.

"Which means that I have really reached the limit, I suppose," he said, reluctantly, holding out his hand. "Well, then, if it must be—good-by."

But in some caprice, due more to sudden shyness than any other feeling, she refused to see the proffered hand, merely murmuring "good-by" again, as once more she lifted the rein to ride on.

Harvey Neil, weighing and measuring with a lover's morbid fancy, was cut to the quick by the little, unconscious snub.

"'The hand of Douglas is his own!'" he impetuously exclaimed, his detaining grasp still upon the bit. "And to think that a moment ago I was fatuously boasting that we were friends!"

"Oh, it is not that," she murmured, turning her face away. "I don't know why—"

"But I know," he bitterly exclaimed, although his smile betrayed something of sardonic amusement at her discomfiture. "It is because, after all, you do not forget that I am somebody whom you have been hating—that you cannot really shake off the habit. It is such a fallacy, the popular notion that woman is by nature only tender and forgiving; as a rule, I believe she is nothing of the sort, simply because she never forgets. Is it not so, Miss Meredith? Ah, well, 'By their long memories the gods are known,' and perhaps it is fitting that woman, who is so much more like unto the gods than we, should be particularly like in that respect. You cannot forget the sum of my imagined offenses against your father. Perhaps I should not expect it; but some day, possibly, time may have so far blurred the record that you can spare a thought for the fact that from the moment of our first meeting I have been your friend; that I would have been—" he stopped, startled by such a rush of feeling as almost choked his utterance, though his eyes still clung to their mocking light and his principal feeling was one of angry disappointment as he went on in a lowered voice—"I would have been—all that you could have permitted, Miss Meredith! But you need not look so frightened," breaking off with a short laugh, as he caught the expression of her face. "I have reached the limit of my audacity, and I will not detain you longer. Good-by."

But if a lover could have prescience to forecast his lady's moods he well might summon fortitude to endure her whims and floutings, secure in winning compensation soon or late through her own capricious impulse; for never is the woman heart so disposed to sweet concession as when in sensitized brooding upon a past offense all the magnanimity of her nature has been roused in longing to make atonement. And certain it was that Dorothy Meredith, as she rode away from Harvey Neil that day, had not been so full of yearning kindness toward him, but for that little hand clasp which she had refused. It had been an unreasoning impulse to draw back somewhat from the attitude of friendly confidence into which she had almost inadvertently drifted, but now she reproached herself for the childish inconsistency, his last words gaining force as she repeated them in her mind, impelling her heart to compunctious tenderness hitherto undreamed of. It would have been so little to concede on her part, the mere touch of her hand in a parting which might be for all time. It would have committed her to nothing, while to him it might have been so much, because—ah, could it be true that he loved her? Considering how little he really knew her and how irrevocably their paths seemed set apart, it seemed the wildest, maddest idea, ridiculous to the point of pathos; and yet, remembering the look in his eyes, she could not question his meaning when he said that he would have been to her all that she could have let him be. Asking nothing, expecting nothing, he had in effect laid his heart at her feet—and she had denied him even the mere touch of her finger tips! And, without analyzing her feeling beyond this ground for self-reproach, Dorothy felt that she was fitly punished in that she was very, very unhappy about it.

CHAPTER IX.

The day before the trial Harvey Neil appeared at his lawyer's office with a face so eloquent of discovery that Bartels at once exclaimed at sight of him: "Halloo! What's up?"

"I believe the Grubstake folks have been shipping out of the enjoined ground right along," the young man explained, with a sardonic smile, dropping into a chair, wearily.

"They have!" the tone attesting the attorney's appreciation of the importance of the statement. "How did you get onto that?"

"One of my men got me a couple of samples of the stuff they are shipping by begging a ride to town on one of the wagons and running a knife into some of the ore sacks while the driver was at dinner. I made assays this morning. The first ran a trifle over three thousand in gold, while the second went up to over seven; and if both did not come out of the Mascot vein I would almost agree to eat the whole shipment. You see, I have had my suspicions right along, ever since they claimed to have made such a strike of low-grade truck in their lowest level, where they are drifting to connect with the old tunnel. Somehow I knew it wasn't so; but with the shafthouse guarded night and day, it seemed next to impossible to get a sight of the ore. I tried at the Denver smelter—it looked fishy, their shipping it through to Denver—but they evidently had their instructions and I was politely turned down. However, though it is pretty late in the day, I believe I am on to their little game now."

"But if there is any such business as that going on, we'll have an order from the court for an examination at once; though, as you observe, it is rather late in the day," exclaimed Bartels, with rather more show of excitement than he often manifested.

"And by the time we get to the mine with our order from the court, the chances are that there wouldn't be a man nearer the disputed territory than the sorters on the dump pile. They wouldn't go into such work as that without being provided with a system of signals and underground telegraphy to guard against surprises. Moreover, I think we can do better," a good deal of complacent satisfaction in the tone now; "I think we shall have one of their men on the witness stand to-morrow."

"Good enough!" cried the lawyer, in a tone of cordial congratulation. "Who is he?"

"A fellow who used to work for me. He drifted away at the time of the strike, and I lost sight of him until the other day, when he told me he had been working on the Grubstake for a month. I happened to run across him again this morning, just after I had made those assays; it flashed across me at once that he was the man for us, and I made him an offer on the spot."

"Which he accepted?"

"Not exactly. He said he would give me an answer to-night; but I am pretty tolerably sure of him. To a man with a passion for bucking faro, fifty dollars in cash is a powerful persuader."

"It is; but I wish he had not taken time to consider it, just the same," the lawyer dryly returned. "And did you get him to admit anything?"

"Only as silence—and an eloquent grin—gives consent. I said that I knew they were on our ground, and he did not deny it; he said he did not feel like talking then; he wanted time to think it over; but I feel sure from his manner that it is all right."

"And Brigham—have you seen him lately?"

"No; I did not think it advisable to be seen camping on his trail continually; but I sent him a note to meet me here this afternoon."

"He has not been in."

"So I inferred; but I will ride up to Tomtown from here and look him up.

"You do not forget I am somebody whom you have been hating."

I have been feeling tolerably sure of him since our last talk; he seemed perfectly satisfied with the terms I offered and talked in the fairest possible way; but I don't like his not coming."

"He's as slippery as an eel," declared the lawyer, disgustedly. "If you get hold of him you had better take him back to the Gulch with you to-night and not lose sight of him again till court opens. Then if you can secure the other fellow for an alternate in case the rascal elects to go back on us the last minute, we may be reasonably sure of something. But if you are not dead sure of your new man, I think we would still better go for an examination of the mine."

"We should probably have to ask for a continuance of the case if we did," returned Neil, in interrogative tone.

"Well, as late in the day as this—perhaps," answered Bartels.

"Which would probably be refused—if the judge has been approached by the other side," Neil bitterly rejoined. "And, anyway, as I said before, I would rather take my chances than delay the trial by an hour. It has been hanging over me long enough. While, moreover, I feel perfectly sure of being able to buy up this man Baker, even if $50 turns out to be too little. I will have both him and Brigham here at your office by eight o'clock to-morrow morning—I swear it," a look in his eyes which amply indorsed the words.

"All right. If you stick by that, I think we may count on an easy victory," Bartels said, cordially, as the young man took his leave.

A couple of hours later, that same afternoon, Dorothy Meredith, knocking at her father's door to see if he were ready to go to supper, found him closeted with the superintendent of the mine.

"Come in for a moment; I'll go down with you presently," he said to her; and then, waiting till he had seen the door safely shut and the girl quietly established in a chair, he resumed the conversation she had interrupted. "You think he'll take the bait?" he asked of McCready, cheerfully.

"Oh, sure," returned that gentleman confidently. "He's got onto the fact that we're shippin' some mighty rich truck, 'n' he's so bent on knowin' where it comes from that he'll take any chances to see with his own eyes. 'Twon't take no persuadin' to get him down—you bet."

"And what do you propose to do with him if you get him?" demanded the colonel, with a sharp glance.

"Well, I hadn't got that far," McCready returned, grinning in his face. "It might be a good chance to crowd a little experience under his hat as would do 'im a heap of good. I'd ruther like to serve 'im the way that top-lofty minin' expert got fixed out when he come with his order from the court, last spring, when the winze in the second level had been left open, kinder accidental like. 'You mustn't go in there,' says I, stoppin' him. 'You have no authority to hinder my goin' where I please, sir,' says he, independent as though he owned all Denver 'n' had a mortgage on the earth; 'I've got an order from the court, sir,' says he. 'Well, you'd better not go in there, just the same,' says I, aggravatin'-like, knowin' I was jest eggin' of him on. 'I shall go where I d— ahem!" and McCready paused embarrassedly, suddenly remembering that he must choose his words before the young lady, whose interest in the story he found greatly flattering. "'Well, I shall go where I like, sir,' says he, moseyin' straight for that winze; 'n' the next thing there he was, kerflump, at the bottom of that 15-foot hole with his order from the court—'n' a dislocated shoulder! Gee! how he did swear as we was hoistin' 'im up!—but there wasn't another straight face in the mine." And McCready roared for the pleasing reminiscence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE OLD VETERAN'S DEATH.

His Dying Moments Were Full of the Past.

The old Texas veteran was dying. For days he had been unconscious, and now the end was at hand. A few friends and relatives had gathered around his lowly bedside.

How time which seems to take nothing as he passes finally takes all! Nobody would have supposed that the shrunken form and pinched features were once a model of manly strength and beauty. It was hard to believe that this wreck of a man was, in his youth, one of the boldest of the daring Texas rangers, who had carved a red swath with his bowie knife through the Mexican ranks at San Jacinto.

Would he pass over the river without a final word? No, for the thin lips part, there is an eager expression on the drawn face as he says, hurriedly: "Push on, boys! We must overtake them before night. The women and children must be saved."

He went away back in the thirties on the trail of the Comanches along with Jack Hayes.

For a few moments nothing was heard but the laboring breathing of the sufferer. Suddenly he clutched the bed clothes. There was a demon-like scowl on his brow, his eyes blazed with fury, and through his clenched teeth, like the growl of a tiger, came the words: "Remember the Alamo."

"He is fighting Mexicans at San Jacinto," whispered one of his sons.

For several minutes he did not seem to breathe. Had he already passed through the dark river? No, for once more the thin lips part, and in a voice in strange contrast to the hoarse war cry of San Jacinto, he whispers: "Little May."

The old man's sons, themselves gray-haired men, glance at each other. For 40 years that name had never passed his lips. She was his only daughter, the pride of his life, but he thanked God when he heard she was dead.

Behold the wonderful transfiguration! The withered features are all aglow with a smile of ineffable tenderness, like a gleam of sunshine bathing in glory the rugged rocks of some ancient ruin. "Come, little May, let us go out on the prairie, and pick flowers. Come, little one!"

The outstretched arms fall heavily, and good old mother earth, who sooner or later, gathers to her bosom all her tired children, and lulls them to sleep, had claimed the old veteran. He was dead.—Alex Sweet, in Tammany Times.

AN ABSENT-MINDED LORD.

Strange Costume Worn by an Aspirant for Political Honors.

A certain noble lord, who shall be nameless, during his journey north on a political mission, changed his costume for a full Highland "rig-out," intending it as a delicate compliment to the land of the kilt. But when he looked at himself in the glass he found that the tailor had cut his kilt too short, so he made up his mind to put on evening dress.

He changed his upper garments and then sat down for a few moments to study his speech. This set him to sleep. He awoke with a start, only to find himself running into the station. Forgetting what had happened, he thrust on his hat, and this was how he was dressed:

He had a full Highland costume as far as his waist, above were a white shirt and swallow-tailed coat, and the entire edifice was crowned with a chimney-pot hat, upon which he had sat down without noticing it. His lordship's horror when he stepped upon the platform and felt the keen wind cutting his bare legs changed to absolute agony, when his valet appeared, scrambling out of the carriage with a pair of trousers in his hands, waving them wildly and exclaiming: "My lord, my lord, you have forgotten these."—London Telegraph.

His Plea in Mitigation.

"Have you anything to say in mitigation of your offense before sentence is passed?" asked the judge.

"Well, yes," replied the prisoner. "I wish to say, your honor, that I'm not half as bad as this jay lawyer who defended me."—Philadelphia North American.

An Actual Loss.

Wigsby—Well, how did the game progress after I left you last night?

Cholly Van Polkadot—Deuced hahd luck, don'ch'know! Lost $400.

"Great guns, man; that's too bad."

"Yaas, and two dollahs of it was in cold, hahd cash, too."—Baltimore News.

A Revolting Idiot.

"What is a crank, papa?"

"A crank, my son, is a fellow who goes around with his wheels."—Yonkers Statesman.

DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

In Spite of the Queen's Wish He Will Not Be Promoted.

The duke of Connaught will not be commander in chief of the British army, despite the expressed desire of his mother, the queen. The British public, which dearly loves the queen, has a way, nevertheless, of managing affairs that is not always pleasing to her majesty. The appointment suggested by the queen for her third son was that of adjutant general—the last step but one to the supreme command. Lord Salisbury was willing, but not so the army and that great source of power, the British public. Whatever may be said of the duke, it cannot be said that

DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.
(Queen Victoria's Favorite Son.)

he has not had a thorough army training, so far as a son of royalty can be trained. The duke is now 47 years old, and from the age of 16 he has been in the army. In 1866 he went in as a cadet, qualified as a lieutenant of engineers in 1868, and one year later he was made a lieutenant of artillery. In 1871 he was advanced to the rank of captain. When he became 21 years old he was voted a grant of £15,000 a year, and when he married Princess Louise of Prussia this allowance was increased to £25,000 a year. After that Prince Arthur was rapidly advanced in the army. He was made brigade major, assistant adjutant general, and general of brigade at Aldershot. He saw some service in India and was given a title for it, and four years ago he was appointed commander in chief at Aldershot. But he will not be commander in chief of the British army.

NEW WATER BICYCLE.

Shaped Like a Cigar and Made Entirely of Aluminum.

Men of an inventive turn of mind have for a long time enjoyed a rare subject for experimentation in the bicycle and many, weird and wondrous have been the creations. Bicycles for the water as well as bicycles for the land have sprung into being, and the end of the list is not yet reached.

Accompanying is an illustration of a water bicycle which has been invented, patented and constructed by an English genius, who claims that it is superior in every respect to all water bicycles yet put forth. To look at it you would say that it would roll over at once. So it would, perhaps, if it did not have a deep keel beneath the revolving hull. The whole affair is built of aluminium. In shape it is like a

LATEST WATER BICYCLE.
(Invented and Patented by an English Genius.)

cigar. It is ten feet in length, but in consequence of the material of which it is built it is very light.

Regular bicycle machinery is mounted upon the cylindrically-shaped hull. A large sprocket wheel, a gear case for the chain and a simple driving mechanism all correspond closely with the every-day bicycle. The pedals turn the sprocket wheel, which in turn, so to speak, causes the aluminium hull beneath to revolve. It is pretty hard to get started, but once under way scorching is easily possible.

Blackfish Oil for Watches.

W. T. Lewis, president of the Philadelphia Horological society, has issued a publication on the lubrication of watches, chronometers and clocks. He emphasizes the fact that the best made watch cannot keep time from year to year unless lubricated with the finest quality of oil. He recommends porpoise jaw oil and blackfish "melon" oil. The latter derives its name from the mass from which it is extracted, taken from the top of the head of the blackfish, reaching from the spout hole to the end of the nose, and from the top of the head to the lower jaw.

When They May Marry.

The ages at which the inhabitants of some European countries are considered capable of aspirations for the matrimonial noose are as follows: Germany, France and Belgium, man 18, woman 15 years of age; Spain, Portugal, Greece and Switzerland, men 14, women 12; Austria, man and woman 14; Russia and Saxony, man 18, woman 16. In Hungary Catholic youths of 14 may wed maidens of 12, but Protestants are supposed to require maturer age to know their own minds, as the young man must be 18 and the woman 15.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

International Lesson for August 8, 1897—Working and Waiting for Christ—I Thessalonians 4:9-5:2.

[Arranged from Peloubet's Notes.]

GOLDEN TEXT.—If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.—John 14:3.

THE SECTION.—Read the whole of the two Epistles to the Thessalonians, and the story of the founding of their church in Acts 17:1-9.

TIME.—This Epistle was written in A. D. 52, not long after Paul's arrival at Corinth, and soon after Silas and Timothy had joined Paul there, bringing news from Thessalonica.

PLACE.—The Epistle was written at Corinth, to the church at Thessalonica, in Macedonia.

LESSON NOTES.

I. The Heavenly Life on Earth.—Vs. 9-12. Note 1. How much in this epistle Paul praises this church. They were far from perfect; they did not come up to his ideal; he has to warn, and exhort, and entreat them. But he first praises. He finds in them all the good there is, marks it, commends it, encourages it.

First Virtue—Purity.—Vs. 1-8. "God hath not called us to uncleanness, but to holiness." For our bodies were made to be "temples of the Holy Ghost." "The unchaste act or thought is an affront to the Holy Ghost."—Findlay.

Second Virtue—Brotherly Love.—V. 9. "As touching brotherly love:" In all its manifestations, of help to the poor, sympathy with the afflicted, kindly feeling toward those who differ in opinion, unity of feeling and work. "Ye need not that I should write unto you," because your conduct shows that "ye yourselves are taught of God to love one another:" The new heart He has given, the teaching and guidance of the Holy Spirit, fills your souls with a nature inclined to love.

10. "And * * * ye do it," not only toward your own familiar church, but "toward all the brethren which are in Macedonia:" They had the broad spirit of love which inspires home missions, which aids feebler churches and reaches out to all classes and races.

Third Virtue—Growth in Grace.—V. 10. "We beseech you * * * that ye increase (abound) more and more:" It is in the very nature of a living virtue to grow larger, stronger, more fruitful. That which does not grow is dead.

Fourth Virtue—A Restful, Tranquil Spirit.—V. 11. "That ye study to be quiet:" Literally, "That you be ambitious to be quiet," that you have not a bustling ambition, a restless desire for great things, for notoriety. The virtues grow best in a faith that brings a restful spirit.

Fifth Virtue—Honest Daily Labor. "Do your own business:" Do not be a busybody, but see to it that your own daily tasks are well done.

Sixth Virtue—An Honorable Daily Life.—V. 12. "That ye may walk honestly:" Rather, "honorably," in such a manner as to 'adorn the doctrine of God, our Saviour."

Seventh Virtue—A Spirit of Independence. "That ye may have lack of nothing," or "of no one." The sufficiency which comes from diligence in business and faithfulness in daily work is a great power.

II. The Coming Again of Our Lord.—Vs. 13-18; 5:1,2. 13. "But I (R. V., we) would not have you to be ignorant:" The life beyond is very close to the life here, and made all the nearer by the fact that many we love have gone to that better land.

"Concerning them which are asleep:" The Christian word for the death of the Christian. "That ye sorrow not:" They were to maintain an attitude of cheerfulness, vigilance and hope.

14. "For if we believe," as we assuredly do, "that Jesus died," just as really as we must die, "and rose again:" proving that death did not end all, that the soul does not die with the body, and that He was the promised Messiah, the Son of God. "Them also which sleep in Jesus:" Belong to Him, and have received His promise of eternal life. "Will God bring with Him:" From the grave to His home on high.

15. "We say unto you by the word of the Lord:" By a direct communication from Jesus. "We which are alive:" This does not necessarily imply that he expected to be alive when Christ came.

There would be two classes of Christians at the coming of the Lord: one, of those living at the time; the other, of those who had died previously. "Unto the coming of the Lord:" Greek, the parousia—the presence, the becoming present, a coming and a remaining present. "Shall not prevent:" Old English for precede, come in advance of. "Them which are asleep:" Those who have previously died in Christ.

18. "Wherefore comfort one another:" The comfort is (1) in the certainty of the coming of the Lord, and the triumph of His religion. (2) In the certainty of a Heavenly home with Christ, a life of joy after death. (3) In the certainty of meeting again those who have gone before. (4) In the assurance that we lose no advantage by remaining here in toils and labors for Christ.

2. "The day of the Lord:" i. e., the day of the Lord's coming. This includes not only His coming at the end of the world to judge the world, but all the special manifestations of that coming, as at the day of death and the destruction of Jerusalem (see Matt. 24). "Cometh as a thief in the night." At unexpected times, unseen and unknown in its approaches, unrecognized till it has already come.

Pope's Gift to the Spanish Queen.

Leo XIII. has sent to the queen regent of Spain, by means of the nuncio at Madrid, a splendid rosary, formed of a chain of fine gold, on which the beads are alternately of diamonds, rubies and emeralds. The gift was accompanied by a letter, in which the pope sends his benediction to the queen regent, accompanying it with expressions of admiration at the courage and wisdom displayed by her majesty in the crisis through which the people have been passing and the difficulties by which she has been surrounded.—London Standard.